

## Flamboyant Pt. I

Big L

Yeah yeah, Big L, Corleone  
My nigga C-Town, my big brother Big Lee holding it down  
Flamboyant baby, for life  
We taking over, coming to a theater near you  
Check it out, come on check it

Make sure my mic is loud and my production is tight  
Better watch me round your girl if you ain't fucking her right  
You damn playa haters never want to see me blow  
Flamboyant Entertainment CEO  
Yo the spotlight is mine, it ain't his no more  
When Lee come home, niggaz can't live no more  
And ... I'm straight, keep a Harlem World mindstate  
I never lounge where you find Jake  
Suprise niggaz like a blind date, L rhyme great  
And I'm a increase the crime rate for old time's sake  
Run with me and I'm a make you a star  
When me and my crew hit the clubs, we go straight to the bar  
Leave 'em empty, I cruise through Harlem in an M3  
Never pay for parties, say my name and I'm in free  
I'm on some 100-G car shit, superstar shit  
Selling niggaz that wet shit right out the jar shit  
I'm dumb hot, I'll wreck you and your young flock  
Keep the gun cock, represent one block  
139 nigga, the Danger Zone  
We quick to put a bullet in a stranger's dome  
I'm known to kick a rough rhyme and rock much shine  
Yo I'm out, I done took up enough time

We out, no doubt, you know how we do, Flamboyent for life